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THE SKETCH
JANUARY 17, 1951

2/-

The Sketch

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1951

Photographed by Vivienne.

WELCOME HOME . . .

. . . to Vivien Leigh, back from Hollywood with her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier. They plan a joint season of plays at St. James's Theatre during the Festival of Britain; and may perhaps include Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. The films they made in Hollywood: Vivien, *A Streetcar Named Desire*; Sir Laurence, a screen adaptation of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*.

Their Majesties entertained to luncheon at Buckingham Palace the Commonwealth Prime Ministers assembled in London for their recent important conference. L. to r., in the State Dining Room, are: Mr. T. E. Dönges (South Africa; representing the Premier), Don Stephen Senanayake (Ceylon), Sir Godfrey Huggins (Southern Rhodesia), Mr. S. G. Holland (New Zealand), Mr. Robert G. Menzies (Australia), H.M. the Queen, H.M. the King, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Mr. St. Laurent (Canada), Britain's Premier Mr. Attlee, H.R.H. Princess Margaret, and Pandit Nehru (India).

Sketch-Book

By Ian Coster

Deputising for Beverley Baxter, who is visiting Canada.

BRUMAS, the world's most popular Polar bear, the darling of Regent's Park Zoo, has been attacked. Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake has said *Brumas* would just as soon bite you as look at you, and that the white bear is the most savage and unreliable of animals, far worse than the lion or tiger.

I should like to be able to spring to the defence of *Brumas*, who was such a pretty ball of fluff a few months ago, but all the animal trainers I have talked to have said that the bear—black, white, or grizzly—is the most dangerous of performing beasts. "The trouble with a bear is that you never know what he is thinking," said one tamer, "or what he 'll do next."

But I do disagree with Sir Garrard when he says that the Polar bear "looks so quiet and kind." Every bear to which I have ever thrown a bun has had a strange, shifty, juvenile-delinquent sort of look, nothing like the blaze of contempt in the caged tiger's eye, or the majestic ennui in the lion's.

Not that you can tell character by looking in any eye, human or animal. Some forgotten cynic once wrote of "that modest look found in the eyes of only the most abandoned women." And it has been remarked that any really expert confidence trickster looks you dead straight in the eye, thereby establishing your faith in his integrity.

Gaze at the translucent sienna of a horse's eye and be convinced that he is a noble, intelligent friend. But is he? Albert Schumann, gay cavalier of the circus, once said to me: "A horse has a very small brain, smaller than a dog's. He never really understands what you say to him; he just looks at you. All he knows is tone of voice. If you speak angrily to him he knows that he has done wrong. If you speak nicely to him he knows that he has done right. That is all."

My juvenile acquaintance with horses leads me to support Schumann in his contention that the horse is a very dumb animal—and yet one remembers occasions when there was a warm, close understanding between rider and mount. I am prepared to believe that it was my imagination that made me believe the horse understood completely, not only what I wanted, but my moods and thoughts. But I am also prepared to believe that Steve Donoghue and *Brown Jack* understood each other extremely well; and that Colonel Harry Llewellyn and *Foxhunter* are still in close communication.

Anyhow, there are dumber animals than the horse. One of the Chipperfields once told me that he spent six months training a couple of Shorthorn bulls for the circus ring. It was hard work trying to teach them a few simple tricks

such as standing on a barrel. But he succeeded, and the turn went on the halls . . . until one night when the bulls came on stage and looked at Chipperfield as though they had never seen him before. They had forgotten everything they had ever known about entertaining the public.

On the other hand, he once trained a pig to do astonishing tricks. . . .

It seems that you can never tell about animals, wild or tame. I remember that my old friend, Major Harry Hobbs, M.B.E., V.D., of Calcutta, once asked me which I thought were the two most dangerous animals in India. I supposed that they would be the Bengal tiger and the cobra. "Nonsense," said the Major, who has spent nearly seventy years there. "The two most dangerous animals are the buffalo and the monkey."

The Major himself could, on occasion, almost qualify for the dangerous-animal class. He had a habit of interrupting shareholders' meetings with such remarks as: "Mr. Chairman. As far as I can see, this board is similar to most other boards: it's long and it's narrow and it's wooden"—and of addressing his letters to a certain firm of managing agents as "mismanaging agents."

WELL, I set out to write something about that most vainglorious of all shows, the circus. The spangles, the clownings, the death-defying feats, the sawdust, the noisy colour, the *oom-pa-pa* of the band put a dash of the heady primitive into a streamlined world all geared up to shatter itself by nuclear fission.

And it is a strange thing that Cyril Mills and Clem Butson, the men responsible for London's two rival circuses, should spend most of the year dashing about the world in 'planes and trains and fast cars trying to get novelties for one of the world's oldest entertainments which is still, more or less, in its original form.

What can be new in a circus? Nothing, thank goodness, except a few of the props: the girl in tights who used to hang by her teeth from a balloon is now pensile from a whirring aircraft; and one of this year's novelties is a chariot race, as seen by Nero.

The clowns represent mime, the oldest art of theatre. Before man could talk he could pull faces. No good clown needs to talk to be understood in all languages. Charlie Chaplin doesn't need to talk. Neither does Coco, back again in his traditional make-up, baggy breeches and all. Coco is a typical circus "international": born in Latvia, naturalised British. He is circus-bred and he has been most things—acrobat, conjurer, trapeze artist. Yes, he flew through the air until one night in Riga when he missed the trapeze and fell into the bandstand.

When you see him at the receiving end of buckets of water and custard pies it is difficult to imagine him leading an ordinary life: getting married and having children and worrying about income tax. But he has six children, and four of them are still in the circus business. One of them is married to Kerr, the Scots lion-tamer, who makes a lion walk a tightrope.

Clowns are not necessarily grinning to hide a broken heart. Billie Burke in her autobiography tells about the fairly secure and pleasant life a clown's family leads. Her father was a singing clown in Barnum and Bailey's, and he came to Europe to earn big money by making a regular grand tour of the capitals—London, Paris, Moscow, Berlin, Warsaw.

Balancing a feather on your nose can be quite a lucrative and happy job—provided you have a talent for it, and like travelling.

CIRCUS life demands a professional vanity and display, called showmanship. Once it has become a habit it is as persistent as opium. Consider the story of Mary Ann Bevan. She was a widow living at Deptford and, by charing, she just managed to keep the family alive.

One night two evening newspapers carried an advertisement which read: "Wanted, ugliest woman. Nothing repulsive, maimed or disfigured. Good pay guaranteed and long engagement for successful applicant."

Mrs. Bevan answered the advertisement because she was poor and plain. The advertisers found her in a tenement basement, sparsely furnished but tidy. She was rather bewildered by their proposal; she felt too shy to go on exhibition. But she was offered £10 a week, travelling expenses, and the proceeds of the sales of picture postcards. And she took the offer.

After two months' showing on English fairgrounds she made her first appearance in America in Barnum and Bailey's Circus Freak Show at Madison Fair Garden. Every New York paper carried front-page stories about the "Ugliest Woman on Earth."

Mrs. Bevan stayed in America for two years, came back for a period and, in response to popular demand, sailed once more for the U.S.A. After a year she had enough money to retire. She tried to settle down. But life as a nonentity in her own home town was boring after having been the "star" of the freak show. She became morose and careless, and died a lonely, disappointed woman.

What strange forms vanity takes. Mrs. Bevan was vain about being the ugliest woman in the world.

ONE of the most pleasantly surprised people in London is my friend Jack Warner. He finds that, according to a poll organised by an American motion-picture magazine, he is the top money-making British male star of 1950. "I thought that it must be a mistake," he said.

For Warner, with a short screen career consisting of character parts behind him, to have outdistanced Mills, Wilding, Granger, Attenborough and the others in the box-office race is indeed surprising. It has to be admitted that he has been carried forward by the very popular film *The Blue Lamp*. His screen career is strictly post-war: his first part was in that good picture about prisoners of war, *The Captive Heart*. He had no intention of going on the stage. In fact, he was apprenticed to the motor trade and he has raced cars at Brooklands and on the Continent.

His ambition is to appear in a British motor-racing film. He has put the idea up several times to producers, but they have always answered, "The Americans have done that sort of thing too well." But he has not given up hope, and one of these days Jack may out-Clark Gable at the wheel. I hope so.

While we were talking about his plans I remembered a Gilbertian incident. It happened at the Coliseum in 1941. Warner was playing in "Garrison Theatre," and there was a special performance for a police charity. The theatre was crammed full of policemen. Mr. Herbert Morrison, son of a policeman, was there as Home Secretary and, therefore, head of the Force. Commissioners, superintendents and inspectors abounded.

At the interval I went round to see Jack Warner in his dressing-room. He was white with indignation. "Somebody has stolen my wallet," he said. It contained only a few pounds, but it was an extremely handsome wallet presented to him by the cast of the show to celebrate its 1000th performance.

Here, then, was a rather nice story. A house-full of police, the best brains of Scotland Yard—and the star had had his wallet stolen under their noses. It was suggested to me by certain important people that nothing should be printed about this unfortunate incident. And I, reluctantly, agreed.

But there seems to be no reason to keep it quiet now. Warner never saw his wallet again. Its disappearance was one of those mysteries never cleared up by the C.I.D.

Illustrated by Martin Aitchison.

THE NIGHT BEFORE . . .

PRINCESS MARGARET attended the Pytchley Hunt Ball at Holdenby House, Northamptonshire, home of Captain and Mrs. G. H. Lowther. She danced continuously, and finished up at 3 a.m. with a sausage-and-mashed breakfast. On this page are some of the guests at the ball. Top, left : Colonel J. H. Lowther, joint Master of the Pytchley—who entertained the Princess at Guilsborough Court in a house-party for the week-end—with Lady Caroline Scott. Below, left : sitting out, Mr. E. R. Courage, Mrs. Antony Binney and Mr. Peter Oldfield, who danced the last dance with the Princess. Top right : Lady Rosemary Hardy, daughter of the Ball secretary, and Mr. Gerry Bullard. Centre : Lady George Scott sat out with Mr. Holland Martin.

. . . THE MORNING AFTER

THE Princess was up early for the Hunt meet outside Guilsborough Court, and followed with great enthusiasm in a Land-Rover for two hours, while her friends rode to hounds. A number of them were staying at Naseby Hall nearby, once the home of the King and Queen, and now owned by Lady Westmorland's father, Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Findlay; the party including Lord and Lady Westmorland and Lord Blandford. The pictures show: top, at the meet, Lord Westmorland, Miss Laura Smith, Mr. C. Smith-Ryland, Lord Blandford, and Lady Westmorland. Centre: Princess Margaret with Captain John Lowther, son of her host. Centre, right: Lord Dalkeith, another guest of Colonel Lowther. And below, right, the field on the way to the first covert.

Candid Cameo

CHARLES MORGAN

By W. A. Darlington

WHEN I was asked to contribute to this page, my first instinct was to refuse, for acceptance seemed the shortest possible way of turning one of my oldest friends into one of my newest enemies. Reflection showed me, however, that with Charles Morgan as my victim I ran little risk; for of all the men I know, Morgan is the most patient of criticism and the least resentful of candour.

This is well for him, because he has to take a great deal of both. Throughout his writing career he has had an odd knack of driving people to extremes, either of admiration or the reverse. When *The Fountain* made his name, it seemed to divide the reading public into two classes—those who had read the book twice and those who could not take it at all. Since then, almost everything Morgan has written has been attacked by leftish literary cliques, whose tone ranges from calm denigration to furious hatred. There seem to be four reasons for this. First, Morgan writes better than his detractors. Second, he belongs to no literary clique himself. Third, he loathes the kind of world these people want to establish. Fourth, he has become in spite of them not only a figure of international importance but a best-seller.

Yet he has never borne malice, or found it difficult to meet his assailants on pleasant social terms—except once, in the case of a Frenchman so two-faced that he could sit as model for a statue of Janus.

Apart from artistic jealousies, however, Morgan has extreme effects upon his readers because he is himself a mass of extremes. Sometimes he writes like a sensualist (a woman once told me she thought his books were popular because he made sin seem so pleasant), sometimes like an ascetic. At one moment he is up in the clouds, at the next down in the arena, laying about him as he did in his Oxford lecture on *The Liberty of Thought*. There is much in him of the hermit-philosopher, not only in his idealistic yearning for the contemplative life of the mystic, but in his practice of retiring to the remotest spot in Wales and living the simple life in a cottage when at work upon a book. Yet nobody could look after his financial affairs with a more business-like care.

His comic sense consists in wit rather than humour, and in the preface to his play *The Flashing Stream* he declared open war on that spirit of debunkery which often goes by the name of a sense of humour in these days. Nor is he happy with farce or hearty knock-about, even when it is the best of its kind. In his days as dramatic critic he did his best to avoid funny plays, and if he found himself faced with one, would usually come to me for reassurance before committing himself in print to an opinion that it was in fact comical. Yet he could be extremely funny himself. He once settled the hash of a more than ordinarily silly play called *The Harlot* by explaining that it was a sentimental piece about a mother's love for her son, turning on the decision whether the mother should go to a fate worse than death or the son to a school worse than Eton.

Even as an athlete he was a man of extremes. I have seen him on the cricket-field, varying between efficiency and incompetence in an extraordinary degree. Between the wars, R. C. Sherriff used to run an annual match at Esher with a team composed in equal parts of theatre-people and first-class cricketers. Knowing that Morgan had kept wicket in his Navy days, I suggested his name to Sherriff, who asked him to play. But on the day, Sherriff lost heart and put another wicket-keeper behind the stumps. Morgan fielded at point, looking out of place and ill at ease, and dropped an easy catch; and when he went in to bat he appeared to have no stroke but a defensive prod. I was asked reproachfully what I had meant by recommending him as a cricketer, and replied that my guarantee covered nothing but wicket-keeping. So the following year he did keep wicket, settled down at once with the unmistakable air of a man who knows where he is and what he is doing and, out of practice as he was, stood up with success to the bowling of A. E. R. Gilligan and H. G. Owen-Smith of South Africa. No, there is no middle way for Morgan.

In the era of the Little Man he is something of an anachronism. Both by inheritance and by his own efforts he has considerable wealth, and he finds his spiritual home in the 1870's, when a man could enjoy his possessions without incurring disapprobation, much less interference. He looks upon socialism as a conspiracy to deprive men of things that are fairly theirs (yet, if it succeeded, he would probably be quite happy in one room and an old coat, working harder than ever). Humanity in bulk alarms him. Six cloth caps in a group set him thinking in terms of the French Revolution, and if he ever met a Cup-tie crowd I think his first reaction would be to wonder which lamppost he was doomed to dangle from. (And if it came to that, I picture him dangling with a certain aloof pride, as of a man justified in his opinions.)

Not that he is either aloof or proud in the ordinary way. I know that rumour says otherwise. People who have met him only once or twice, or not at all, say he is "snooty." I was once asked by an indignant citizen why Morgan always looked at him as if he were smelling a bad smell—but nobody can help the angle at which his nose is put into his face. I remember that, thirty years ago, I too found his manner a little daunting at a first encounter. But I also remember that once past the outer defences I found the drawbridge down, the portcullis up, and a welcome in the citadel. Morgan keeps his friends. Among his intimates to-day are many of the sailors he served with in his youth.

His love for France is deep, and deeply reciprocated. "Many of your countrymen may have known us better," a Frenchman said to me, "but none has understood us better, or written about us so well." Possessing this virtue, supreme in French eyes, Morgan is rated even higher across the Channel than in his native land. He is the only British novelist, except Kipling, ever to have been made a French Academician, and as such he wears on occasion in Paris a uniform whose splendours far outshine the admiral's insignia that might have been his by now if he had stayed in the Navy.

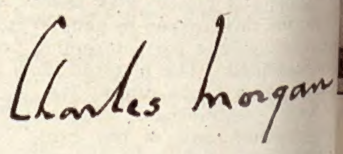
He has had no lack of other tributes to his eminence, either at home or abroad; but the oddest of all came from America, when a film firm offered him 2000 dollars a week as scenario-writer. What Hollywood would have made of him or he of Hollywood, my imagination is not lurid enough to conceive. And yet, if he had gone, he would have done the job. Highbrow artist he may be, but he is also a professional craftsman.

★

Who . . . Me?

MEMORY often rejects unpleasant things. Certainly I don't remember having ever fielded at point. Perhaps I was keeping wicket after all and had moved out to take Mr. Darlington's bowling. . . . Not that in other things he is wide of the mark. How did he know that at the age of seven I was nearly trampled to death at a Cup Tie—though I have reason to be grateful to the Cloth Cap who hoisted me on to his shoulder? It isn't the Cloth Caps who worry me; I have served with them at sea and in the trenches. But Mr. Darlington is quite right in principle. To dangle from a lamppost as a reward for having laughed at the literary *tricoteurs* and *tricoteuses* seems to me an honourable end. Unfortunately even lampposts have deteriorated; only the very conservative ones still have cross-bars adequate to Mr. Darlington's revolutionary purpose. This fact has eluded him because he is, thank heaven, a romantic, who, as his Cameo proves, takes a kindly view of the lives and deaths of his friends. . . .

I ought to add that, speaking seriously, I have never seen him bowl a wide. But, then, I have never seen him bowl.



Photographed by Angus McBean.

AUTHOR, HERMIT - PHILOSOPHER, AND WIT: CHARLES MORGAN

Photographed by Karsh of Ottawa

WIFE OF THE PAKISTANI PRIME MINISTER

THE Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, vivacious, *petite*, came over here with her husband, for whom the first full meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers was held up until he flew from Karachi. Their two sons are here on holiday. The Begum, a public speaker, is President of the non-political All-Pakistan Women's Association. Her hobby, when she has time, is the designing of jewellery.

Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

DEC. 27.

(Left.) Christened at Harewood Parish Church by the Archbishop of York—David Henry George, Viscount Lascelles, son of Lord and Lady Harewood, grandson of the Princess Royal, who was proxy for Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, Lady Boyne, godmothers.

DEC. 28.

(Right.) At the Northern Meeting Ball, Inverness: l. to r.: Mrs. A. E. H. Campbell, Mr. Ian Grant, Lady Katherine Grant, Col. A. E. H. Campbell, of Ord House, Ross-shire.

THE CHRISTENING OF VISCOUNT LASCELLES.

AT THE NORTHERN MEETING BALL.

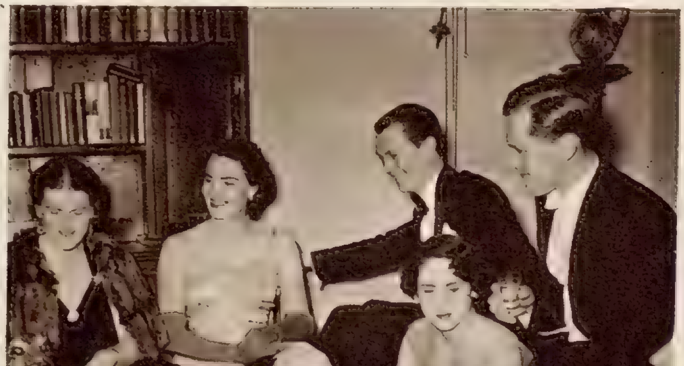
DEC. 29.

To the Guildhall, Winchester, for Hampshire Hunt Wire Fund Ball, a hearty party and gay. Sitting out, left, were: Miss Fiona Edwards, Mr. W. K. Grace, Lord Folkestone, son of the Earl of Radnor, and Miss A. Whitmore. Right: Mr. H. A. Andreae, the Master—who had bad luck in the hunting field recently: broke his leg—sitting with his cousin, Lady Evill.

HAMPSHIRE HUNT BALL.

DEC. 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Carter's country home, Ardeleybury, was background for the Puckeridge Hunt Pony Club dance, which was packed with young jumpers. Sitters-out on left (l. to r.): Mrs. John Sellar, Mrs. and Mr. John Colliver, Mrs. and Capt. Peter Adeney, and the Carters' family pet, *Shadow*. Right: Mr. Stuart Opperman, Miss Mary Lucas, Mr. David Hume, Miss Sylvia Opperman.



PUCKERIDGE HUNT PONY CLUB DANCE.

Date-
(Our Socia

AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL.

DEC. 29.

Quietly and decorously the Chelsea Arts Ball ushered the New Year in two days ahead of zero hour—Sunday intervening. Its theme, *Crystal Festival*, had for backcloth a design by A. R. Thomson, R.A., showing the finish of the 1851 Crystal Palace Exhibition. Orchestras included Victor Sylvester's and the Dagenham Girl Pipers. Balloons floated to the roof, caught in the spotlights. Among the dancers were, left, Miss Jane McNeill, elegantly frilled, with Lord John Manners. Right, Miss Wendy Mellett and Capt. P. de B. Smart.

AMERICAN PARTY.

MONCKTON — BOWER WEDDING.

DEC. 29.

(Left.) At a dinner-dance at the Savoy, sponsored by officers of the armed forces of the U.S.A. in Britain, were, left, Admiral Robert B. Carney, C.-in-C. U.S. Naval Forces E. Atlantic and Mediterranean, who's chatting to the British C.I.G.S., Field-Marshal Sir William Slim.

DEC. 30.

(Right.) Guard of Honour from groom's regiment, 5th R. Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, at wedding of Major G. Monckton, son of Sir Walter and Lady Monckton, to Miss M. L. Bower, daughter of Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. R. T. Bower, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens.

RARE HONOUR.

BUCCANEERS DINE.

JAN. 1.

(Left.) In New Year Honours List, a rare citation—and personal recognition of services to Royal Navy: Sir Arthur Jarrett promoted to Honorary Captain, R.N.V.R. He served in R. Navy in First World War; later as Admiralty Industry Liaison Officer; is Deputy Chairman of the R.N. Film Corporation.

JAN. 3.

(Right.) The Buccaneers' Cricket Club Annual Dinner at Lord's Tavern, Lord's Cricket Ground. Prominent members were: Mr. Compton Mackenzie, its President; Mr. Clifford Bax (brother of Sir Arnold Bax, Master of the King's Musick); Mr. G. D. Roberts.

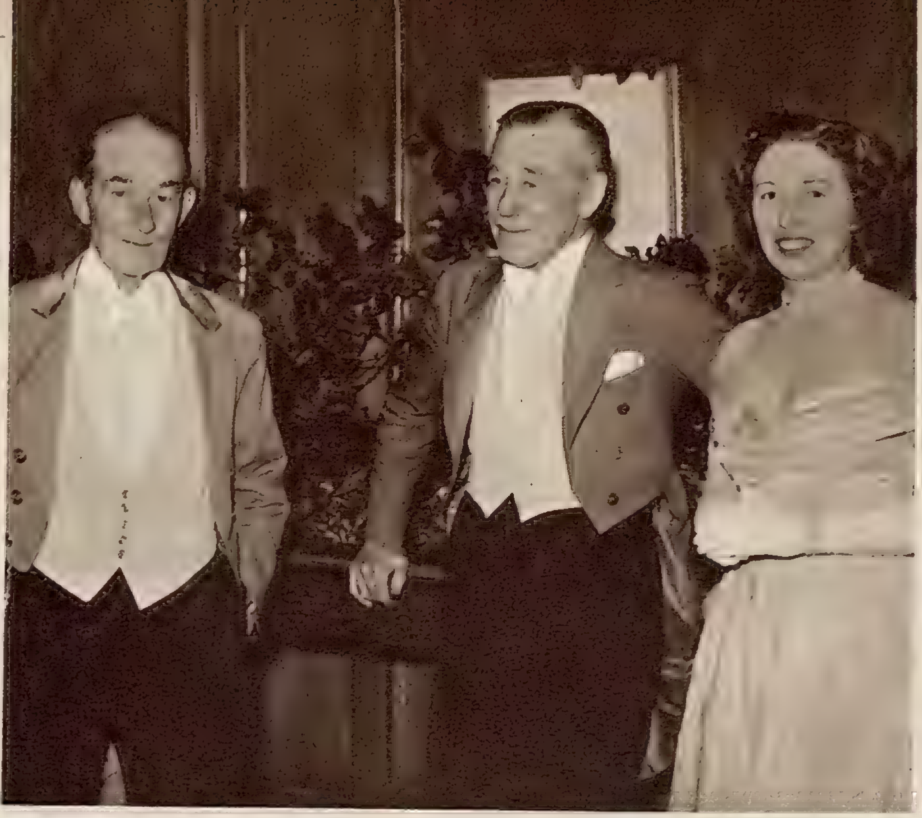
Book Diary—Cont.)

JAN. 2.

(Left.) At the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt Ball at R.A.F. Officers' Mess, South Cerney, Cirencester: Capt. S. Dennis (fifty years' member of the Hunt), Col. R. H. Walsh, and Squadron Officer Rutherford Jones.

JAN. 5.

(Right.) Mr. A. C. Loch, son of Col. J. G. Loch, of House of Narrow Gates, St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire, married Miss A. Hunter, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Hunter, Dupplin Bank, Kinnoull, at St. John's Church, Perth.



V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) HUNT BALL.

LOCH — HUNTER WEDDING.

JAN. 5.

(Left.) At St. Michael's, Chester Square, Major J. M. Flint, R.E., son of Major [illegible] Flint, of Hembury Castle, Torrington, Devon, married Miss Anne E. Verney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ulick Verney, of the British Embassy, Paris, and [illegible]3, Queen's Gate Gardens.

JAN. 5.

(Right.) Joint honours in cutting the cake at the Essex and Suffolk Hunt Ball at the Moot Hall, Colchester, went to the Joint Masters, Mr. R. T. Chevalier and Mr. A. E. Motion.

FLINT — VERNEY WEDDING.

JOINT MASTERS CUT THE CAKE.

JAN. 6.

(Left.) Dancing in the crowded Assembly Rooms, Bletchley, during the Whaddon Chase Hunt Ball were Miss Faith Graham and Mr. Richard Marter.

JAN. 8.

(Right.) Married at St. Michael's, Chester Square, were Mr. Michael N. Molesworth, son of the Rev. G. E. N. and Mrs. Molesworth, and Miss Heather Pridham-Wippell, daughter of Admiral Sir Henry Pridham-Wippell, of Kingsdown, Deal, and Lady Pridham-Wippell, of Church Close, Kensington, W.

WHADDON CHASE HUNT BALL.

MOLESWORTH — PRIDHAM-WIPPELL WEDDING.

Date-Book (Abroad)

CARMEN AT BRUSSELS.

OTELLO AT MILAN.

DEC. 18.

Brussels. (Left.) At the Royal Opera House, a royal pair: Prince Baudouin, and his sister Princess Josephine-Charlotte. They saw *Carmen*.

DEC. 26.

Milan. (Right.) Also at the opera—Milan's Scala—to inaugurate the season with Verdi's *Otello*, with tenor Ramon Vinaj: sophisticated dressers at the opening were the wife of the Egyptian Consul, Mme. Osman Hilmy, with Sta. Maria Pavone.

PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER.

DEC. 29.

North Africa. Out of the winter and into the sun at Marrakesh, a famous figure painting a landscape, with a wide-brimmed hat on head. Mr. Churchill sat in the shade of an umbrella and worked away. Later he was expecting his wife and eldest daughter, Mrs. Duncan Sandys.

ROYAL SKI-ERS.

SUPREME COMMANDER.

JAN. 2.

St. Anton, Switzerland. (Left.) On the Swiss slopes royal ski-ers, the Dutch Princesses Beatrix, Irene, and Margriet, daughters of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard, starting out with their instructor for a lesson.

JAN. 8.

Paris. (Right.) Backed by the Arc de Triomphe, the Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Treaty Forces in Europe, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, just arrived in the French capital. With him his Chief of Staff, General A. Gruenther, and Brig.-General O'Hare, Military Attaché, U.S. Embassy.

SCREEN.—Charlie Chaplin, the greatest artist of them all, the revival of whose *City Lights* has been the top hit of the season, delighting old fans and exciting a new generation of picturegoers.

C. A. Lejeune

RADIO.—Francis Dillon: For his radio version of *The Twelve Princesses.* Poetry, satire and sound characterisation, added to a faithful version of the fairy story.

Frederick Laws

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

STAGE.—Cyril Wells, of the Fol de Rols: For turning himself into an Eminent Conductor and freezing us with the haughtiest stare known to a British concert hall.

J. C. Trewin

LITERATURE.—John Guthrie: For his uproarious cosmopolitan comedy, *Merry-Go-Round.*

THE PRESIDENT'S PUTTER. Rye, Jan. 4–7. By Henry Longhurst.

FEW sporting occasions mean quite so much to the participants as the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's tournament for the President's Putter. Judges, surgeons, stockbrokers, army officers, ex-undergraduates with their noses fresh to the grindstones of commerce, all manage to ensure that, whatever else they may have to miss, they will not miss these five days of golf in, probably, perishing cold in early January.

What is the secret? Meeting with old friends, of course—but then, that is common to any annual reunion, and the Putter in this respect is no different from any other Old Boys' or regimental gathering.

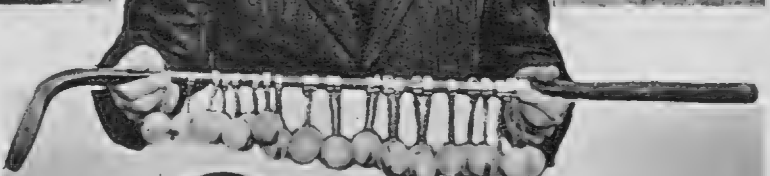
I believe the answer, though some may not have realised it and others may not agree, is—Rye. The Putter was first played for in 1921. The tournament would in any case have been a success, but I do not think it would have grown to that intensity of feeling, bordering on emotion, if it had not been played at Rye.

The links itself is outstanding, of course, and were it not for the merciful inadequacy of its little clubhouse—destroyed by one of the last of the flying bombs and now happily restored—open championships would long ago have descended thereon.

One proof of the qualities of the Rye course is the messing about it has survived. When cars began pouring through at the rate of some 600 an hour to Camber Sands, the golfers of Rye were driven back, hole by hole, to the seaward side of the road and now, with one adjustment after the other, only two holes survive in their original form.

Not only the course but the scene in general has that sense of continuity which absorbs local change and makes you feel that nothing has altered since first you came there. Once, I believe, they used to go out to the course on a little single-track railway. For years after motor-cars arrived, there were three gates to be opened and pennies to be thrown out at each—once to an old man in a bowler who lived in the wheelless remains of a horse-cab. *Plus ça change . . .*

Top : University flags flying at the nineteenth. Below : A general view of the sixth green.



What makes Rye, remains unchanged. The little village of Rye Harbour across the river from the Sea Hole—40 yards by the penny ferry or five miles by road—to which the watcher may repair for a nip at the *William the Conqueror* while they play the 14th and 15th ; the dykes reflecting pure ultramarine blue in the winter sunlight ; and, above all, the town perched on its hill in the distance. To the wayfarer across the marshes the prospect has hardly changed in 500 years, since they built up the town after the French sacked it in 1377. The church clock on the summit, with its gilded pendulum hanging far down into the church and swinging gravely over the heads of the congregation, was made by a man from Winchelsea in 1562 and has never gone wrong.

No wonder Rye gets under people's skin and lures them back year after year even when, from the back tees in early January, they have not the remotest hope of distinguishing themselves at the golf! Rye is a man's course at this time of year—even if L. G. Crawley, last week's winner, did hole it in 65—and sorts the wheat mercilessly from the chaff.

The holder, D. H. R. Martin, though he made no song about it, was far from well, and this was a pity. His semi-final with Crawley might otherwise have been a classic. The other two semi-finalists, G. H. Micklem and A. A. Duncan, made up a quartet which might have been " seeded " in advance and were thus themselves a tribute to the course. Micklem, I believe, has never beaten Duncan—and so it was again.

One last comment. Golf is becoming, not only in America but here, too, appallingly slow. The play in the Putter is an object-lesson in this direction. The cynic might observe that it is a cautious man indeed who dawdles with a 40-m.p.h. wind blowing in off the sea, but that is not the whole story. I watched the first half of Duncan's match with P. B. Lucas, and noted that, if one wandered along at a reasonable pace, one did not even have to halt for the second shots. If they can do it, why not others ?

Top : The winner, L. G. Crawley, putting on the first green in the finish against Colonel A. A. Duncan. Centre : The President's putter held by Bernard Darwin, and below, the winner, L. G. Crawley (left), with last year's winner, D. H. R. Martin.

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
That is to say, from the radio team: Jimmy Edwards, Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley.

ACCOLADE (Aldwych).
Emlyn Williams as a famous author who leads a double life in Regent's Park and Rotherhithe.

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT (Ambassadors).
The daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner meet in the Scotland of 1885.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

MISTER ROBERTS (Coliseum).
A Pacific voyage with the vast Coliseum stage as an American Navy cargo ship.

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

POINT OF DEPARTURE (Duke of York's).
Theatrical vigour in Anouilh's controversial play.

CAPTAIN CARVALLO (Garrick).
A witty neo-Ruritanian comedy: Diana Wynyard and James Donald.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade taken from the French by Christopher Fry and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY (Haymarket).
Eileen Herlie has a shot at Paula.

LITTLE BOY BLUE (His Majesty's).
Emney and Hearne in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
T. S. Eliot's homily in verse.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Barry Sinclair is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Savoy).
A bubble of comedy.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

HOME AND BEAUTY (Wyndham's).
Maugham's chuckling farce.

AT THE THEATRE.

★ First Choice ★

THE FOL-DE-ROLS
(St. Martin's)

I HAVE never—to my loss—been a constant playgoer at either Scarborough or Hastings. But having attended the St. Martin's Theatre on a snowy New Year's night I realise now that, as the song says, it's nice to be beside the seaside, especially in a warm July with the water lapping gently below the pier, a moon overhead, and *The Fol-de-Rols* in between. Jack Hylton and Greatrex Newman had a genial idea when they brought a famous concert party to the West End. They must have wondered whether London was up to it, but happily London has responded. I am beginning now to doubt whether the *Fol-de-Rols* will get back to Hastings or Scarborough in time for the summer.

It is more like an intimate revue than the kind of good-companions concert party that used once to dazzle me on a West Country pier. Students of revue should take note before they go to West Street that it is not another *Sweeter and Lower*: this is gentler and simpler. There is no cutting edge to the wit; there is no parochial gossip; and the whole business has an unsophisticated good nature. Anyone who goes to the theatre purely to star-gaze must be his own explorer here and discover new stars. Two of the *Fol-de-Rols* may be in this category, though not yet of the first magnitude. Take Cyril Wells. He is a ready-for-anything comedian with one of those squeezed-rubber faces and a nice sense of timing. He bangs about in happy style—though the Girl Guide is not really funny—but I like him best as a Very Important Conductor and as a soldier able to prove that the Army marches on its stomach. In the second of these sketches (with Kathleen West as the attentive waitress) he celebrates, in a dour kind of way, the canteens of the gorgeous East from Cairo to Bagdad and where-you-will. And in the Symphony Orchestra burlesque he considers the house with a frigid distaste, possible only in the eminent musician he resembles so oddly. His eye-work here is miraculously right.

With Cyril Wells I would put Charles Stewart. He is, I hazard, from the bonnie banks of Clyde. He has a gently daft humour of his own, and caresses his lines. No one—when the chance comes—can imitate a camel with more zeal and plausibility. After all, one rarely meets in a given week more than a couple of camel-impersonators. Other Fol-de-Rols fit loyally into the team, and for the most part the librettist (Greatrex Newman) and the composer (Wolseley Charles) have found useful material. I didn't find the *Mikado* skit very funny—but then I am old-fashioned enough to like my Sullivan music (now out of copyright) wedded to Gilbert's own words.

. with J. C. TREWIN

Robin Ford in
a Victorian Ballroom

June Powell
as Bo-Peep

THE CHRISTMAS TREE
(*New Boltons*)

I CONFESS that, after the endurances of "The Children's Hour," I never expected to meet that fine young actress, Jessica Spencer, as an ingenuous little girl in an ingenuous holiday flip-flop about goblins. Queer things happen at this season, and since the tunes have an agreeable tinkle—Phyllis Norman-Parker is the composer—and Miss Spencer and her colleagues act with a taking and anxious sincerity, I ought not to complain too much. New children's fantasies of any value are hard to find. This one has at least a couple of Elders who are condemned to work out their income-tax (I think) in one of the nastier haunted woods: as played by Brian Haines and Richard Coke they are good fun up to a point. I am less sure about the apparently demented goblin-weaver, acted by David Markham, who spends most of the evening either tied to trees in the enchanted wood or ramping up and down with so much vigour that he must surely plunge through the side of the theatre at each exit. "He's half-way to South Kensington Station by now," murmured a colleague as the Weaver disappeared for the last time. Still, Mr. Markham is a delightful actor: so, too, is Owen Holder (who should be a good choice for Marchbanks in the coming *Candida*). The plot is oddly knotted: I found myself thinking of the Duchess's retort to Alice: "Tut, tut, child! Everything's got a moral if only you can find it." I feel sure she was right.

★

POINT OF DEPARTURE
(*Duke of York's*)

FROU-FROU
(*New Lindsey*)

THESE are two plays-from-the-French, separated in time by seventy years or so, and fantastically different in manner. *Point of Departure*, already noted in *The Sketch* on its Hammersmith production, is Anouilh's curious tale of a new Orpheus-and-Eurydice in modern guise, with Death standing by. You may find its philosophy curious; but you will appreciate the fluency of Kitty Black's adaptation, the delicacy of Peter Ashmore's production, and the heart-breaking simplicity of Mai Zetterling.

Frou-Frou, on the other hand, is the ancient Parisian showpiece run up long ago by Meilhac and Halevy, and now translated by Jeanne de Casalis. The New Lindsey production dawdles, and although Jean Kent flutters and sulks most competently in the famous part of Frou-Frou (who dies, period-fashion, as a naughty consumptive), the play needs a performance of great sweep and quality to bring it to life. The most generally appealing performances are those of Michael Gover as Frou-Frou's husband and Coral Fairweather as that maid of the billowing aprons.

Next Stage

WE are hearing more of the New Year plans. Joyce Redman, who has not appeared here for some time—she has been acting with Rex Harrison in *Anne of the Thousand Days* in America—is to have one of the principal parts in Ronald Jeans's new comedy, *Count Your Blessings*. Naunton Wayne is also to be in the cast of this, which Stanley French and Andrew Melville are to present. There is news, too, of the coming production—by Jack de Leon and the Daniel Mayer Company—of Roger MacDougall's *Macadam and Eve*, with John Laurie still as Macadam, relic of the Garden of Eden. John Gregson has also his original "Q" Theatre rôle. Further, there is an announcement of Clemence Dane's new play in verse about Elizabeth and Essex, *The Lion and the Unicorn*: it will appear in the West End in April, with Dame Sybil Thorndike as Queen Elizabeth, John Mills as Essex, and Sir Lewis Casson.

HARRY THE KING

The first of the year's two revivals of *Henry the Fifth* will be at the Old Vic on January 30. Alec Clunes is the King, with Roger Livesey as the Chorus, Robert Eddison as Pistol, Mark Dignam as Exeter, William Devlin as Fluellen, and Dorothy Tutin as Katharine. Glen Byam Shaw produces, with décor by Motley. At Stratford-upon-Avon, on July 31, Richard Burton will be the King and Michael Redgrave the Chorus.

SIR LAURENCE

Those who remember the production of Gian Carlo-Menotti's pair of operas, *The Medium* and *The Telephone*, will be interested to know that Sir Laurence Olivier plans to present an American singer, Patricia Neway, in the principal part of Menotti's new opera, *The Consul*, at the Cambridge Theatre on February 6.

GALSWORTHY RETURNS

Kathleen Harrison will be Mrs. Jones in a revival of Galsworthy's famous *The Silver Box* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, early in February. Marjorie Fielding and Frederick Leister are to be the elder Barthwicks, and Peter Hammond and Sidney James are young Barthwick and the man Jones, on whose misadventures Galsworthy bases the one-law-for-the-rich, one-for-the-poor, contention that is the theme of the play. Frith Banbury produces.

GETTING AROUND

E. Martin Browne is to direct the York Mystery Plays, revived for the first time in nearly four centuries, before the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey Church, in York, early in June. . . . Several of the Commonwealth Ministers went to see *His Excellency* and to consider Eric Portman's ways as an island Governor. . . . *Peter Pan*, with Margaret Lockwood, is going on a six-weeks tour.

TO THE CIRCUS . . .

with Francis Marshall

WHY *do* we go to the Circus? Partly, we think, because everything that happens in this curious, self-contained world of sawdust and spangles is a complete reversal of everyday life.

Yesterday we went along to Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia, and our theory certainly stood the test. See, for instance, the uninhibited gentleman on the left: his hair stands straight up on end whenever he feels that way. And the bears beneath him: they are certainly not doing

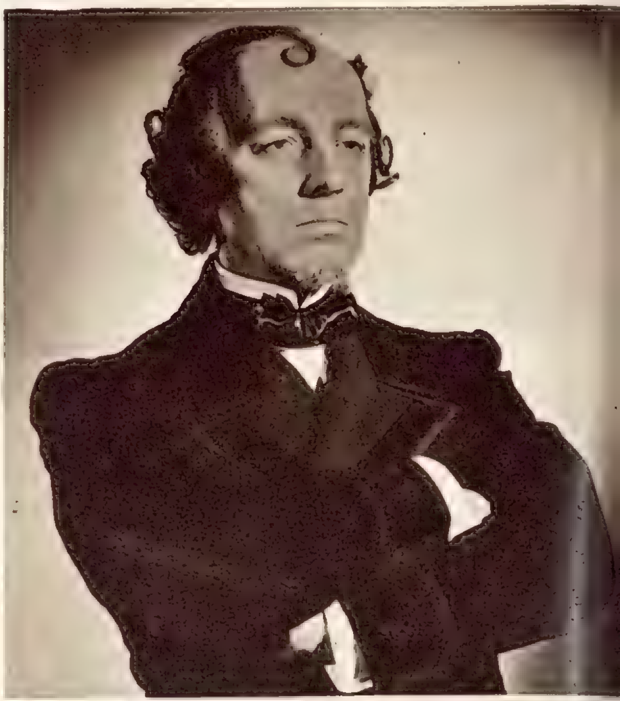
things that bears normally do. Nor, for that matter, is it the habit of lions to walk tight-ropes, and of elephants to walk on champagne bottles : here, of course, it is an everyday matter.

In the Circus, respectable old gentlemen get kicked down ladders as a matter of course, and when a lady takes to juggling she naturally does so on the back of a horse. Men and their dogs taking a walk in the park will often pause to watch a football match, but under the Big Top, although the men still watch, the dogs go right ahead and play football themselves.

And finally, a delightful conversation-piece : a lady, a gentleman and a llama—a thing that might happen to anybody . . . or could it ?

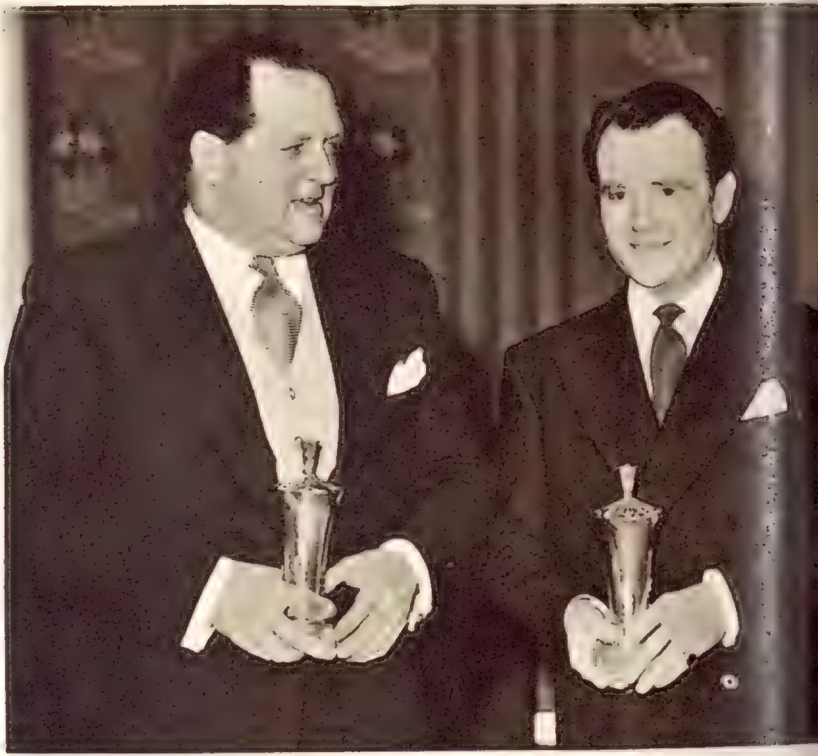
Specially drawn for "The Sketch," by Francis Marshall.

Our
Television Critic:
Cyril Butcher.



ALEC GUINNESS as Disraeli in *The Mudlark.*

"The Sketch" Trophies, awarded for outstanding achievements in 1950 in Literature, the Theatre, the Cinema, Radio, and Television.



RICHARD DIMBLEBY. JOHN MILLS.

Our
Theatre Critic:
J. C. Trewin.

CHOICE OF

THE annual "Sketch" awards in the fields of Literature, the Theatre, the Cinema, Radio and Television having been decided on in consultation with our critics, the trophies were presented by the Editor, Captain J. E. Broome, D.S.C., R.N. (ret.), at a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel on January 2, attended by a number of distinguished guests. The event was subsequently featured in Television Newsreel. Our pictorial record of the occasion includes photographs of the recipients, and Griff caricatures of "The Sketch" team of critics, whose citations, accompanying the awards, were as follows:

LITERATURE.—Evelyn Waugh, for his novel *Helena.* Because in a year in which most novels seemed scrappy, experimental or second-rate, he has published a fine, lucid story, both moving and humorous, and as good as his own best books. And because he has made the life of a saint as entertaining as the life of a sinner.

THE THEATRE.—John Mills, for an extraordinary performance in an extraordinary part: that of Bertie in Tyrone Guthrie's experimental play, *Top of the Ladder.* Throughout the evening Mills was on the stage almost without break. During the piece he covered the life of a man from childhood to death: in a few steps across the stage he had to pass from boyhood to full maturity. The performance was often most moving, and one that always exhibited the highest technical skill.

Our Film Critic: C. A. LEJEUNE.

Our Radio Critic: Frederick Laws.

MMY EDWARDS. EVELYN WAUGH.

Sir Michael Balcon and John Mills. Sir Michael accepted the Trophy on behalf of Alec Guinness, who was unable to be present.

THE YEAR

THE CINEMA.—Alec Guinness, for his distinguished Disraeli in *The Mudlark*; for the sharp tools of the trade he carries in his bag; for his precision as a craftsman; for compelling us to listen, spellbound, to a ten-minute political speech; for the lightest tilt of the eyebrow with which he conveys a secret joke; for preserving the stature of British statesmanship in a film made by an American company; for giving *The Mudlark* the clear right to be chosen for a Royal performance.

RADIO.—"Professor" Jimmy Edwards, who is remarkable amongst radio comedians in being witty in himself as well as a source of wit in other radio comedians. He leads the team of producer, performers and writers who have made "Take It From Here" a weekly pleasure to be relied on. The fussy millions who boast that they *never* listen to the radio have three regular afterthoughts: "Except," they say, "for the news, or a good concert, or Jimmy Edwards."

TELEVISION.—Richard Dimbleby. Why choose Richard Dimbleby, a commentator? Why not an actor or an actress? There have been dozens of memorable performances during the year. Or why not one of the producers, some of whom have achieved fine results? We choose Richard Dimbleby because for a single person he has done so much to further the popularity of television. And he has done it very well indeed, with sincerity and without self-glorification.

Our Literary Critic: Rupert Croft-Cooke.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

MARY. By Sholem Asch. (*Macdonald ; 12s. 6d.*)

A CERTAIN WOMAN. By Victor MacClure. (*Harrap ; 10s. 6d.*)

BEHIND MY GREASEPAINT. By Coco the Clown. (*Hutchinson ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE MELODIES LINGER ON. By W. Macqueen-Pope. (*W. H. Allen ; 21s.*)

MY books this week provide contrast enough for the most grasshopper-minded reader, though they fall conveniently into pairs. The first two are novels based on the New Testament, *Mary*, by Sholem Asch, being the third of a trilogy in which *The Nazarene* and *The Apostle* were its predecessors, while *A Certain Woman*, by Victor MacClure, tells an imaginary life-story of Mary Magdalen. The second two are of our immediate world and of those two delightful aspects of it, the Circus and the Music Hall.

It is, perhaps, the weakness of Mr. Asch's book that it can be considered with the rest, for a book on such a subject should either be so magnificently done, so classically humble and true that it cannot be thought of in terms of just another book, a new modern novel, or, I personally feel, not done at all. There is, of course, no reason why the life of any of the persons held sacred in the Christian world should not to-day inspire a novelist as they have inspired artists and poets and musicians for 2000 years, but "inspired" is exactly what this book is not. It is well-written and translated, it is conscientious, tender, even dignified, but it lacks that something of fervour, of devotion, of sublimity which is demanded by such a theme. Much of the dialogue is a paraphrase of words more gracefully written in the New Testament, and although the characters introduced by the author are likely enough and sometimes very well-drawn, they do not add much of pathos or conviction to the story as it is told in the gospels. But on the everyday life of that place and time, Mr. Asch writes with an authority which must be unique. He is, quite literally, at home there and transports his reader most effectively.

ALTOGETHER less estimable is *A Certain Woman*. It is an attempt to make a conventional modern novel from the same events, with ingenious odds and ends of invention put in to fill the gaps and dialogue and doctrine of the author's own supplementing those of the New Testament. In a preface he realises that he can scarcely write his story without running counter to the myriad beliefs of Christians, and hopes that he has written nothing that will weaken the faith of any of them. I am afraid he is more likely to offend Christians by a rather trivial and inept book than do either of these things. He follows Catholic teaching in identifying his Mary called Magdalen with Mary of Bethany, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, but never succeeds in distinguishing her character from that of an Englishwoman of the middle classes with strict religious convictions and an over-practical sister. Indeed, the character of Martha is nothing but an extension of the biblical incident of their disagreement which is retold here, and the relationship between the two sisters an endless prolongation of that argument. I am constrained by honesty to wish that Mr. MacClure had been content with the less grandiose proposition of another crime novel, a field in which he is successful.

COCO'S *Behind My Greasepaint* is his second book, for ten years ago he published his memoirs under his own name, *Coco the Clown*, by Nicolai Poliakoff. However, he shows here that he has plenty more to say, both about himself and about his fellow artists in the circus, about his family, his cosmopolitan background and about the circus itself. It is, in fact, a Grand Charivari, alive with tumbling characters painted and otherwise, performing or directing. Coco is no egotist ; he tries hard to tell us about himself, but each time he starts to do so it reminds him of someone or something else, and he reels off half-a-dozen true anecdotes before he is recalled to the matter in hand. This makes his book delightfully inconsequential. There is a sort of breathlessness about it, as though he were working against time to get out all he wants to say ; a candour which is wholly disarming, as in his description of his son-in-law—"In 1949 Olga married a lion-tamer who was working in the Bertram Mills Circus, by name Alec Kerr. He is a man of courage and as a lion-tamer he is very good. Please don't think that I want to exaggerate because he is my son-in-law, because if he wasn't good I would say so" ; or, in this tribute to his family—"Anyway, I cannot grumble about my children. I am very pleased with them, because my children pay me respect. For instance, they would never have lunch at table without my being present. If I am away on business and cannot possibly come in time, my seat at the table is always empty, and none of my children would occupy it. I like them."

Most of Coco's stories are new, but occasionally he recalls incidents already well known, like the tragic death of Adolf Kossmeyer, who was killed by one of his polar bears, or the last days of the Great Carmo. But even then Coco adds a personal epitaph or comment which illuminates the matter, and in the second part of his book when he is talking more generally of clowns, animals, the circus in Russia, foreign acts and superstitions, his endearing garrulousness never flags. This is not only a book for circus fans, it will please everyone who likes to count his anecdotes like beads.

ANOTHER of Mr. Macqueen-Pope's voluminous books, this time a nostalgic evocation of old music-hall scenes and personalities, is a welcome sight. He has the happy gift of combining thoroughness and factual accuracy with a very high entertainment value. He is, in fact, a historian, as rigidly documented as the most academic of them, and yet one cannot think of this rich and gloriously nostalgic book as mere history. He is as much concerned with the music-hall audience as with the artists and with the period which produced the music-hall as much as with the actual buildings, of which only a few remain, in which it flourished.

But here they all are, all the great names and all the immortal songs, which, Mr. Macqueen-Pope points out, are the best legacy of a great institution. He forgets nobody from the stars "before our time," like the Great Vance and Harry Clifton, to the few living artists to whom he concedes the proud category of music hall, like Gracie Fields and Wee Georgie Wood, who between them some of the great figures who most of us remember either as regular performers or as "Stars of Old Variety," like Gus Elen, Vesta Victoria, Harry Champion and Charles Coburn. He rather scornfully dismisses the B.B.C. feature Music Hall as unauthentic, for "you cannot make a music hall out of a machine which faithfully transmits voices of performers—however talented and brilliant—to an unseen audience of millions sitting at home." But he is generous in his appraisals of both living and dead artists, and his whole book is full of a sincere and articulate [illegible] of his subject.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GOLDSMITH'S WIFE.
By Jean Plaidy. (*Hall ; 10s. 6d.*)
A praiseworthy and not unsuccessful attempt to build a novel round Jane Shore, the mistress of Edward IV.

THE HAUNTED STREET.
By J. F. Burke. (*Werner Laurie ; 9s. 6d.*)
That suspicious character, a successful writer, saves his soul by returning to the Sussex town of his (rather Freudian) dreams.

QUICKSANDS.
By David John Welsh. (*Falcon ; 9s. 6d.*)
Intense, rather melodramatic story of a group of people on the edge of the Sahara Desert.

LONG DISCOVERY.
By John Burgan. (*Putnam ; 10s. 6d.*)
Long, meaty story of life in an American coal-mining community.

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK 1951.
Largest issue ever published of the welcome hardy annual.

PURE ARNO

TO those who are restricted to an occasional Peter Arno cartoon, *Man in the Shower* (Robert Hale : 12s. 6d.), from which these sketches are reproduced, is a pure joy. This book of 115 cartoons—the first Arno collection since 1943—contains some of his best work, including a number of hitherto unpublished drawings. To those, if any remain, who do not know the work of this irrepressible American artist, it is the perfect introduction.

" Oh, Mrs. Fordyce—could I trouble you to come here for a moment ? "

" Dr. Carmichael ! *Please !* Not in the Stork Club ! "

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

STIRLING AND PAT MOSS, for hitting the headlines in 1950 as the tops in motor-racing and show-jumping respectively.

IT looks like a life's job to polish the cups and trophies of Stirling Moss, champion British racing driver of 1950, and his sister, Pat Moss, champion juvenile jumper of the year. Twenty-one-year-old Stirling is the wonder-boy of car-racing : the trophies and cups he has won in three years are legion, and he holds nine records. As for sister Pat, though only fifteen, she has won hundreds of rosettes in the jumping ring, besides a big number of other trophies.

BRUCE SMITH, for being the Zoo's first keeper to succeed in rearing a polar bear, and getting their bronze medal for this achievement.

BESIDES Head Keeper Bruce Smith, only six living men hold the bronze medal of the Zoological Society, which is awarded for outstanding work, generally in the case of the breeding of rare animals and birds. In fact, in the Zoo's history only fifteen men have qualified for this medal. Brumas, his ward, and public idol of last year, is seen in the picture on her first public appearance in the bear enclosure.

COMMANDER D. W. ("TIGER") CHILD, for his enterprising organisation of a "drive-it-yourself" taxi-yacht service.

AT the helm of one of his taxi-yachts on the Seine in Paris, Commander Child (R.N. retd.) pursues his new and original calling. With another retired Royal Navy officer he has organised a service to operate on Europe's rivers, supplying transport and the thrills of self-service to adventurous travellers.

MRS. FANNY THORNE, B.E.M., for showing that age is no bar to hard work, nor to the achievement of high honour.

AT eighty-eight Mrs. Thorne still works hard every day on a farm at Preston Candover, near Basingstoke. She 's been a farm-worker for fifty-two years, and last year she stooked an eight-acre field of barley in eleven hours. Her day lasts from 7 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., and for her remarkable record she was awarded the B.E.M. in the New Year Honours List.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

BRIAN JOHNSTON,

B.B.C. Outside Broadcaster, for the uncomfortable experiences he cheerfully undergoes to make the "Let's Go Somewhere" feature really exciting for "In Town To-night" fans.

There's practically nothing in the world that Brian Johnston won't tackle for the sake of his B.B.C. programme. Just a few among the many mad adventures he has undertaken in gaining experience of other people's lives: he appeared on the stage as a member of the Crazy Gang; has sung in the street; was shot 60 ft. into the air in an automatic ejector seat for jet aircraft during a test; and recently took part in the Flying Ballet in the *Babes in the Wood on Ice* pantomime, when he was wafted across the stage on a wire. And all these stunts are done with a microphone in hand, to give his running commentary to "In Town To-night" patrons.

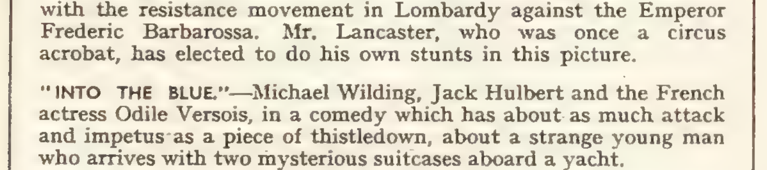
"SAMSON AND DELILAH."—A Cecil B. De Mille version of the famous Biblical story, which, writes C. A. Lejeune, "has been vulgarised with a skill almost amounting to genius." Above: Hedy Lamarr and Victor Mature in the title-rôles.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"THE FLAME AND THE ARROW."—Burt Lancaster and Virginia Mayo in one of Hollywood's costume capers, roughly concerned with the resistance movement in Lombardy against the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. Mr. Lancaster, who was once a circus acrobat, has elected to do his own stunts in this picture.

"INTO THE BLUE."—Michael Wilding, Jack Hulbert and the French actress Odile Versois, in a comedy which has about as much attack and impetus as a piece of thistledown, about a strange young man who arrives with two mysterious suitcases aboard a yacht.

"TRANSCONTINENTAL EXPRESS."—Biography, in something euphemistically described as Thrilling Trucolor, of one of the first railroad engines on the pioneer run to California. How different from the home life of our own dear London, Brighton and South Coast Railway!



"SEAL ISLAND."—A scene from Walt Disney's documentary on the wild life of the beaches of Alaska, which has won an Academy Award as the best short feature of the year in America.

★ ★ ★ AT TH

REVIEWS *by C. A. LEJEUNE*

"SAMSON AND DELILAH"

POSSIBLY the most startling of the many startling things in Cecil B. De Mille's latest masterpiece, achieved at colossal expense—and mainly at the expense of four chapters of the Book of Judges—is the fact that Delilah reforms after a while, and gets to be quite sorry for Samson.

With tears blurring her mascara, she visits him at the old mill-stone and begs him to elope with her to Egypt. On his rejection of the proposal (although Samson is "convinced of her love for him," in the beautiful words of Synopsis), she leads him with her own hands to the pillars of the Temple. She knows, of course, that the set will presently collapse on top of them, for she has had plenty of opportunity to study the architecture during her *liaison* with the Saran of Gaza, but she refuses to leave the house, bless her heart; she sticks by him to the end, thereby ensuring that Samson and Delilah will get credit for equal fortitude, as well as equal billing. This radical translation of the Scriptures has the merit of providing a pretty effect of Boy and Girl meeting death together, but there's no denying that it gives the faithful quite a jolt.

I take it for granted that Cecil B. De Mille feels that he has obtained Divine Authority for his new reading of the Old Testament. An extremely competent and busy showman, with an extraordinary flair for filling the screen with movement and colour, he has long ago looked round for help, and enlisted Divine Guidance for his productions. Most of Mr. De Mille's major scripts have been derived from the Bible, a work that he has always regarded with a kind of proprietorial affection, and I suspect that he would even cut a bath-tub scene—reluctantly, but with decision—if he felt that it were not in accordance with the Word.

Apart from the matter of Delilah's change of heart, Mr. De Mille has in general, kept fairly close to the original story. Since it always was a meaty one, this is not altogether surprising. The marked dissimilarity between the motion-picture account of the Samson affair arises less from the plot than from the detail. With a line of dialogue here, an arrangement of costume there, a nice distortion of character and motive and bearing, the whole thing has been vulgarised with a skill almost amounting to genius.

As played by Victor Mature, who is dressed up for the piece in a series of snappy leopard skins and a heavy black wig (conspicuously difficult to bob; in fact, Delilah doesn't really try), Samson seems a strong man out of training. It is true that, with an agonising effort, he does pull down the Temple; but even quite small stage-hands have been known to strike a set at need. In order to smite the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, he requires far more than a jawbone: they have to provide a whole skeleton head. He certainly beats the lion with his own bare hands, but when offered a javelin by the helpful Delilah, he rather gives the game away. "I won't need it," he assures her. "He's a *young* lion!"

Hedy Lamarr's Delilah is decorative enough, in the modern svelte and stream-lined way, but one can hardly conceive of her as a top-ranking siren, whose voluptuous power has become a byword down the ages. George Sanders as the head villain, the Saran of Gaza, comports himself as though he were still the critic-about-town in *All About Eve*, and Angela Lansbury as Samson's Philistine bride, who succumbs to a spear-thrust on her wedding-night, struck me as merely and regrettably funny.

Four modern script-writers, in addition to the author of the Book of Judges, were required to translate the adventures of Samson to the screen. Amongst so many talents, it is difficult to apportion credit accurately, but there is no doubt that *Samson and Delilah* is full of striking quotes. I liked particularly Miss Lansbury's exit line at the bridal feast: "I'll leave you with your riddle, Samson, while I put on my wedding-veil"; and the description of Miss Lamarr after the hair-bobbing incident: "You Philistine gutter-rat!" But best of all I liked Mr. Mature's brief, cogent comment as he turns away from Delilah and her kind. He observes, simply, "*Women!*"

★

"SEAL ISLAND"

THIS beautifully-made little film is Disney's *hors d'œuvre* to his main dish, *Cinderella*. In America it won an Academy Award as the best short feature of the year. I am not in the least surprised. Apart from an over-coy commentary, and one or two shots of a bleeding, battle-torn old seal, which may pain both children and their elders and could be cut, it is worth more than a dozen average features, and should be everyone's delight. It simply studies, with affectionate care and patience the behaviour of seal and seabird migrants on the cool, foggy beaches of Alaska, from the moment of their first arrival up to and beyond the great June Ball. This is the real stuff of the cinema, and the sort of life-model without which there would be no Disney cartoons. Let's have more like it.

CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

THE theme of *Flesh and Blood* is the belief in hereditary genius. In 1867, in Glasgow, young Dr. Marshall befriends Charles Cameron, a brilliant but wild medical student who is dying of tuberculosis. Cameron dies but leaves an illegitimate baby daughter, Wilhelmina, whom Marshall adopts. Wilhelmina grows up inheriting her father's temperament but not his brain, and, after a short, tempestuous and tragic career, commits suicide. In turn, Dr. Marshall adopts her son, Charlie, still believing that the streak of genius he saw in the first Charles Cameron will come to fruition in his grandson. This boy also becomes a doctor and develops both the brilliance and the wildness of his grandfather and mother. But in the end Dr. Marshall's faith is justified and the young doctor succeeds in arresting the spread of an epidemic in Italy by a new serum. Richard Todd, Glynis Johns, Joan Greenwood and Andre Morell have the leading parts; Anatole de Grunwald produces, and Anthony Kimmins directs. We shall be seeing the film in London in the spring.

On the right: Wilhelmina (Joan Greenwood) with her lover, John Hannah (George Cole), whom she subsequently poisons.

Below: Dr. Marshall (Andre Morell; left) begs his protégé, Charlie, to go to Italy, while Katherine (Glynis Johns), his assistant, awaits his decision.

Vic Oliver takes to the piano during the first of the new series, "Vic Oliver Introduces," in which he continues to prove his indefatigable versatility.

Also in "Vic Oliver Introduces" was Daphne Anderson, who does not lag behind in versatility. Here she and company are going gay the Victorian way.

Young Michael Gleed shows Peter Madden the fine model which he has made of the old Globe Theatre in one of the items of "Telescope," a fortnightly magazine-programme for the children.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

WITH breath cautiously bated, fingers firmly crossed, treadi oh so lightly, we permit ourself a whisper that it *looks* a if things are really bucking up on the Light Entertainment si of television. Several months back we were incautious enough t come to the same conclusion, after seeing three or four excelle broadcasts. Then, we rose to our critical feet, applauded whol heartedly and showered congratulations on all and sundry. Alas We were made to look thoroughly silly in the weeks that followe when these programmes became so bad that they were not eve worth panning! Never mind; let us turn the other cheek, grate fully—albeit not without the suspicion that it may receive a futur slap from Ally Pally (we shall soon have to say "Limey Grovey"). And, in turning that cheek, we might as well indulge in some constructive criticism upon this subject of light entertainment in television.

First, we must dispose of that handy bogy and perennial excus for poor results—finance. Everyone knows that variety, revu and musical comedy cost more to stage than the average play But the expense of a production is not the critic's province. It i with its quality that he has to concern himself, and, taking the by and large, the quality of past light entertainments has simpl not been good enough. One might place it at the level of the twice nightly touring shows to be seen at lesser theatres. The standar of television plays, however, has for some time been that of th West End—often even better. Consequently, the two main type of entertainment offered to the viewer have been badly out o balance. All this, of course, has been realised by the Powe That Be. They have spent fevered hours in conference, and n doubt urgent memoranda on the subject have been flashing aroun the executive offices, in an effort to remedy this state of affair We, ourself, have often lent a sympathetic ear to the troubles o these gentlemen, but, feeling that they must know better, forbor to say much. Now, glimpsing a way out of the wood, we lay ou considerations at their feet.

We believe they have been hampered by being too close to the problem. The effort of production has distorted their assessme of the result. Also they have desperately searched for a "formula —one that would provide a foolproof method of light entertainme presentation. We believe the solution is simpler than that, an recent offerings confirm us in that belief. We suggest: *Bette artists and better scripts.* We know the obvious answer to that but we have already refused to interest ourself in the matter o cost. Somehow or other, it can be done.

When the Commonwealth Prime Ministers gathered at No. 10, Downing Street, for their conference, a unit of television's Outside Broadcasting Service was there.

Helen Shingler as Candida and Patrick Barr as the Rev. James Mavor Morell, in a scene from Shaw's *Candida*, which was a particularly successful drama broadcast.

LET us go back to "Gala Variety," which celebrated the opening of Studio G at Lime Grove. There was no question of a formula on that occasion. It was a straightforward variety show, but the individual turns were so good that it came through as a first-rate entertainment.

Move forward, now, and consider the first of the reborn series—"Vic Oliver Introduces." Nothing revolutionary here, either. The mixture is very much the same as it was last year: a compound of sense, nonsense, jazz and classical music. But it is all well done—which is the important thing. The singers can sing, the dancers can dance, the orchestra is of adequate size and plays well. Also Mr. Oliver's television manner is just about as right as it could be. We congratulate him on his programme; and Bill Ward, the producer, and the large company of supporting artists.

Even more recent was a programme which tempts us into extravagance in the matter of superlatives. "Here 's Television" kept us hooting with laughter from beginning to end. In this case the triumph—and triumph it was—must be credited to the writers of the script—Frank Muir, Denis Norden and Sid Colin—not forgetting Michael Mills, the producer. Between them they uttered a delicious and merciless self-leg-pull of the Television Service, which proved the heartening fact that someone at the top of Limey Grovey's hierarchy has a sense of humour. The broadcast began with yet another technical breakdown, and one of these monotonously recurring phenomena was relentlessly guyed later on. "Kaleidoscope," "Café Continental," talks, ballet, drama, all came in for their share of maliciousness. The compère was that fine actor Clive Morton, in the rôle of the "Director of Visual Speech," absent-minded, intellectual and possessed of a roving eye towards his posse of attractive secretaries. If irreverence can go as far as this there is yet hope for humour in television.

And humour is vital to Light Entertainment: *humour*—let us underline it—as opposed to the type of comicality purveyed by some unfortunate funny-man who cracks his best gags to an utterly unresponsive camera. That sort of thing is equally embarrassing to performer and viewer. Your comedian needs an audience, with its laughter, to encourage him to go on. But please, please, Powers That Be, don't let us therefore have invited studio audiences. They have wrought quite enough havoc with Sound; keep them out of television, we beg of you. They are one degree worse than the extras who sit around in such shows as "Café Continental" and "The Top Hat," and who, having seen the "cabaret" rehearsed all day, simply rock with dutiful laughter and applause during the transmission. They may do their best, but nobody's fooled for a moment. You may reply that it would hardly be convincing to show a night-club setting without some "guests" sitting at the tables. Quite: but why this passion for night clubs? We don't see the need for rationalising variety shows. Present them in terms of television, not as lamb dressed up as archaic mutton. Get away from that wretched "formula." If the show is good, it will succeed; if not, then no amount of magic-carpeting will avail. Anyway, good luck to Ronnie Waldman and the rest of the L.E. boys.

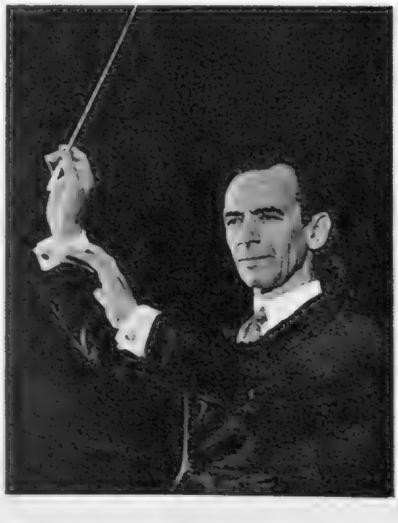
IF drama has taken a back seat, during the period under review, it has occupied it with great distinction. For Royston Morley's production of Shaw's beautiful play *Candida* was a brilliant occasion. Shaw was more of a verbal puppeteer than a creator of human characters, but in this early work he gave birth to three people in whom one can believe, and for whose emotional triangle one must feel the deepest concern. That, after all, is the essence of a good play. These three are wonderful parts and they were exquisitely played by Helen Shingler as Candida, Patrick Barr as the hollow Morell, and Brian Nissen as the self-contained Marchbanks. There was not a pin to choose between the three performances.

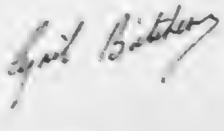
The best item among the children's programmes was a special concert given by Sir Malcolm Sargent, who not only conducted a symphony orchestra in such items as Roger Quilter's "Children's Overture," but also explained the functions of each instrument and demonstrated its contribution to the tonal colour of the ensemble. His personal approach to the young, as he talked—direct, incisive and friendly—was a model.

Outside broadcasts scored a brilliant scoop when they took the viewer actually inside the sacred precincts of No. 10, Downing Street on the occasion of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. After a dullish ten minutes or so, watching these gentlemen arrive, the scene changed to the state drawing-room inside the house, where Richard Dimbleby took charge with his usual firmness and tact. It cannot have been easy to wander around such a distinguished gathering with a hand-microphone trying to persuade the visiting Prime Ministers to talk "off the cuff." Mr. Menzies was having none of it, but Dimbleby got quite a good "bag," including Mr. Attlee.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.

SIR MALCOLM SARGENT: For his special symphony concert for the children, and his splendid music lecture, in which he demonstrated the ideal way to approach the young: treat them as friends, know what you are going to say, and say it in the most direct way possible.





WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

Viscount **Cross**, eldest son of the late Viscount Cross, of Eccle Riggs, Broughton-in-Furness, Lancashire, and of Mrs. Guy Coldwell, of Stoke Lodge, Ludlow, Salop, and Patricia Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. **Hewetson**, of The Craig, Windermere.

Lord **Fairfax** of Cameron, of 13, Mallord Street, Chelsea, S.W.3, and Sonia Helen, daughter of the late Captain Cecil **Gunston**, M.C., and of Lady Doris Gunston, of Burnham House, Sunningdale, Berks.

The Hon. Michael William George **Lucas**, elder son of Lord and Lady Lucas of Chilworth, of Nashdom, Bassett, Southampton, and Jane Maureen, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Andrew **Snaddon**, of 118, Highfield Lane, Southampton.

Flt. Lieut. John Arthur Guinness **Slessor**, only son of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John and Lady Slessor, of Carlton House, Strand-on-the-Green, W.1, and Ann Dorothea, daughter of Mrs. D. G. **Gibson**, of 33, Madingley Road, Cambridge.

Dr. Oliver Christopher Anderson **Scott**, only son of Sir Samuel Haslam Scott, Bt., of Yews, Windermere, and of the late Nancy Lilian, Lady Scott, and Phœbe-Anne, daughter of Mr. Desmond O'Neill **Tolhurst**, of 26, Clarence Place, Gravesend, and Mrs. Grajera, of New York.

David, son of Mr. and Mrs. Graham **Carmichael**, of Stinchcombe Manor, Dursley, Glos., and Frances, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir John and Lady **Whiteley**, of Franklins, Shamley Green, Surrey.

Major Arthur Edward Peter **Needham**, Grenadier Guards, younger son of Major the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Needham, of Tocknells Court, Painswick, Glos, and Janet Beatrice Winifred, daughter of the late Capt. George Taylor **Ramsden**, M.P., and Mrs. E. Ramsden, of 25, Basil Mansions, Basil Street, S.W.3.

David, son of the late Mr. William **Wynn-Williams**, of Middlesbrough, and Mrs. Wynn-Williams, of 4, Lovelace Road, Surbiton, and Anne, daughter of Lt.-Col. J. H. **Nettlefold**, of Athy, Co. Kildare, and the Marchioness of Tweeddale.

Mr. Walter von **Halle**, of 81, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, and Josephine Mary, daughter of Sir Laurence and Lady **Dunne**, of 14, Egerton Terrace, S.W.3.

Anthony Houlton, second son of Sir John **Salt**, Bt., and Lady Salt, of Park House, Cookham, and Cordelia Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Talbot **Hope**, of Highlands, Newbury, Berks.

SPORT

RACING

Jan. 17-18.	Hurst Park.
,, 19-20.	Sandown Park.
,, 20.	Wetherby.
,, 22-23.	Wolverhampton.
,, 24.	Plumpton.
,, 25.	Wincanton.
,, 26-27.	Kempton Park.
,, 29-30.	Nottingham.
Jan. 31-Feb. 1.	Manchester.
Feb. 2-3.	Windsor.
,, 3.	Catterick Bridge.

HUNT BALLS

Jan. 19: The Monmouthshire Hunt Club dance at Llansantffraed Court, near Abergavenny. The Garth Hunt Club Ball at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor. The Fitzwilliam Hunt Ball at Hinchingbrooke Castle, Huntingdon. The Old Berkeley (East) Hunt Ball at the Town Hall, Watford.

Jan. 26: The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Ball at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester. The South Oxfordshire Hunt Ball at Phyllis Court Club, Henley-on-Thames.

Feb. 2: The Cottesmore Hunt Ball at Stapleford Park, Melton Mowbray. The Vine Hunt Ball at Laverstoke House, Whitchurch, Hampshire.

ENTERTAINMENT

THEATRE NEWCOMERS

"Hedda Gabler" (Arts)—Ibsen's classic, with Jean Forbes-Robertson. Four weeks from Jan. 17.

"Henry V." (Old Vic, Waterloo Road)—3rd production of the season. Jan. 30.

"The Silver Box" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—revival of Galsworthy's play, with Kathleen Harrison, Marjorie Feilding, Frederick Leister and Peter Hammond. Jan. 31.

"The Gay Invalid" (Garrick)—an adaptation of Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire" with Elisabeth Bergner and A. E. Matthews. Jan. 24.

"Merely Players" (Theatre Royal, Drury Lane)—a single Gala Performance on Sunday, Feb. 4, at 6.30. An all-star show, devised by Diana Morgan and directed by Roy Rich, in aid of various theatrical charities. Ivor Novello is president of the committee, Margaret Rawlings is chairman, and the 150-star cast includes Evelyn Laye, Robert Morley and Eric Portman. Tickets, 1 to 5 guineas, from the Merely Players Society, c/o, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, W.C.2.

"Gay 's the Word" (Saville)—Ivor Novello's new musical comedy, starring Cecily Courtneidge, produced by Jack Hulbert, with lyrics by Alan Melville. Mid-Feb.

MUSIC

At Royal Albert Hall:

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. Solo pianoforte: Michelangeli. Jan. 21 at 3.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Schwarz. Solo pianoforte: Yvonne Catterall. Jan. 21 at 7.

The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Clarence Raybould. Solo viola: William Primrose. Jan 24.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Royalton Kisch. Jan 26.

The Royal Choral Society presents "Hiawatha," with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Jan. 27 at 2.30.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff. Jan 28 at 3.

The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Igor Markevitch. Solo pianoforte: Michelangeli. Jan. 29.

The New Era Concert Society presents the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. Jan. 30.

The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Solo violin: Gioconda de Vito. Jan. 31.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: the opera season continues. First performance of a revival of "Salome" on Jan. 25; conductor, Karl Rankl. Cast includes Arthur Carron, Edgar Evans, Marke Rothmuller, Constance Shacklock, and Christel Goltz in the name-part.

At Sadler's Wells: the new production of "Don Carlos," in which Joan Hammond will be singing, will be given on Jan. 19, 24, 27, 29, 31; and then not again until May. "Cosi Fan Tutte" on Jan. 25, Feb. 3 and 9 only.

At the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith: "Let 's Make an Opera," by Benjamin Britten; until Jan. 27.

BALLET

At Sadler's Wells: the ballet season continues with performances on Tuesday evenings and Saturday matinées.

At the Stoll Theatre, Kingsway: Festival Ballet with Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin. Guest artist: Tatiana Riabouchinska.

ART

At the Royal Academy, Burlington House: Holbein and other Masters of the 16th and 17th centuries. Also "L'Ecole de Paris, 1900-1950."

At Victoria and Albert Museum: Parlour Games and Cards.

At Arts Council, 4, St. James's Square: Memorial Exhibition of drawings by Randolphe Schwabe. Until Jan. 27.

At the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, 18, Dover Street, W.1: Paintings by Matta.

New Year Exhibition at Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Until Jan. 25.

Mobiles by Alexander Calder, at Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton Street.

Young Contemporaries, at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. From Jan. 16.

45th Annual Exhibition of the Pastel Society, at R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly. Until Jan. 30.

Recent Works by Genia Green and Robin Ironside, at Hanover Gallery, St. George Street, Hanover Square.

London and the English Countryside, at Marlborough Gallery, 18, Old Bond Street. From Jan. 20.

Paintings by Sidney Nolan, Vera Cuningham and Sylvia Gosse, at Redfern Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1. Until Feb. 3.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The N.S.P.C.C. Annual Ball (Manchester branch) will be held at the Royal George Hotel, Knutsford, on Jan. 19.

The Winter Ball at the Dorchester on Jan. 24. Mrs. Winston Churchill is president and Lady Bennett is chairman. Proceeds go to Conservative funds.

A special gala matinée of "Aladdin" at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in aid of the Nursing Educational Fund, on Jan. 30, at 2.30 p.m. The Duchess of Gloucester will be present.

The Lord's Taverners' Ball in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on Monday, April 30. A special gala dinner-dance with an all-star floor show. Tickets 3 guineas, single; and 5 guineas, double; proceeds go to the National Playing Fields Association.

CUPID

Lord Fairfax of Cameron and Miss Sonia Gunston, whose engagement is announced on the opposite page.

Miss A[illegible] Riches, who has announced her en[illegible]ment to Dr. John Miles-Thomson.

Miss Bridget Aylmer, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Geoffrey Ralph Merton.

The Hon. Michael Lucas and Miss Jane Maureen Snaddon, whose engagement is announced on the opposite page.

Miss Jessica Elizabeth Harrold and Mr. Antony Donald Page, who have announced their engagement.

Miss Peggy Russell, who has announced her engagement to Lieut.-Commander D. A. G. Preston, R.N.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jean Forbes-Robertson plays the leading part in *Hedda Gabler* at the Arts Theatre on Jan. 17. (See opposite page.)

Alec Clunes will play the name-part in the Old Vic's production of *Henry V*, on Jan. 30. (See opposite page.)

Kathleen Harrison will play Mrs. Jones in *The Silver Box* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on Jan. 31. (See opposite page.)

Robert Morley has an important part in the all-star charity show, "Merely Players," on Feb. 4. (See opposite page.)

Evelyn Laye takes her original part in a scene from *Bitter Sweet* in "Merely Players" on Feb. 4.

Eric Portman also has a leading rôle in "Merely Players" on Feb. 4.

Christel Goltz, guest artist from Berlin State Opera, makes her first appearance at Covent Garden in *Salome*. (See opposite page.)

Joan Hammond sings in the new production of *Don Carlos* at Sadler's Wells. (See opposite page.)

John Garfield and Patricia Neal co-star in a new film, *The Breaking Point*, opening at Warner Theatre on Jan. 25.

Mrs. Winston Churchill is President of the Committee for the Conservatives' Winter Ball at the Dorchester on Jan. 24. (See opposite page.)

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN

By Elizabeth Penrose

HALFWAY to spring . . . too cold for a suit without a wrap, too mild for your heavy winter topcoat . . . these little loose coats fill the gap. Later on, too, they serve a dozen other purposes—over a light frock when watching sports, to throw on in the sudden chill of a summer evening, and, of course, to take on holiday.

Above: The perfect complement to the pencil skirt, a hip-length loose jacket featuring deep turn-back cuffs and huge double-flapped pockets. This is one of the items in Brenner Sports' new utility collection, and is made in velour in black, navy, red, beige and many pastel shades. It will be available at the end of January at Jay's of Regent Street, Fenwick's of Bond Street, and Selfridge's, at about six guineas.

Right: In this three-quarter style made by Rensor the cuff line is adaptable and can be worn either wrist or bracelet length. Utility also, it comes in fine wool gabardine in cherry, lime green, new blue, gold, grey, navy and black, and should be at Swan and Edgar's, Jays, and D. H. Evans towards the end of the month at approximately nine guineas.

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LAY YOUR BET ON BLACK

By Elizabeth Penrose

WHATEVER your future hopes—or indecisions—concerning a spring outfit, you can't go wrong now with that perfect between-season stand-by, the black suit. Here are three widely-contrasted styles from well-known model houses.

Top left: Black wool makes this jacket trimmed with many buttons and faced with the same horizontal shadow-striped tweed as the straight skirt. Note the arrow cut of the pocket flaps. Brenner makes it, and Marie José of Bond Street will be having it any time now.

Above: Man-tailored by Marcus, this hopsack suit has a sleek line and an original style of fastening rather like a wishbone. It comes in navy as well as black, and is being sold mostly around the country in such places as Edinburgh, Manchester, Nottingham and Chester.

Bottom left: A curved peplum accentuates the tiny waist and slim skirt of this black barathea suit by Frederick Starke. Liberty of Regent Street and Mikla of Wigmore Street will be having it about the end of the month; so will some shops in Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool and Southport.

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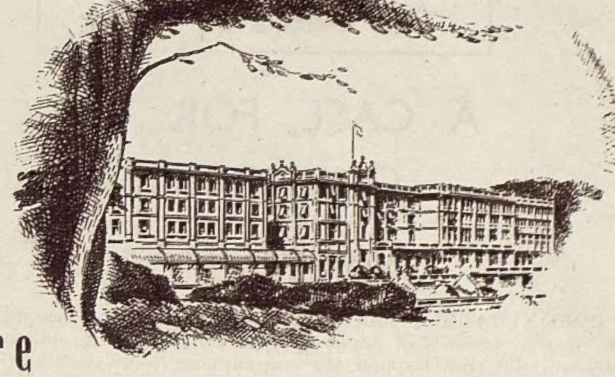

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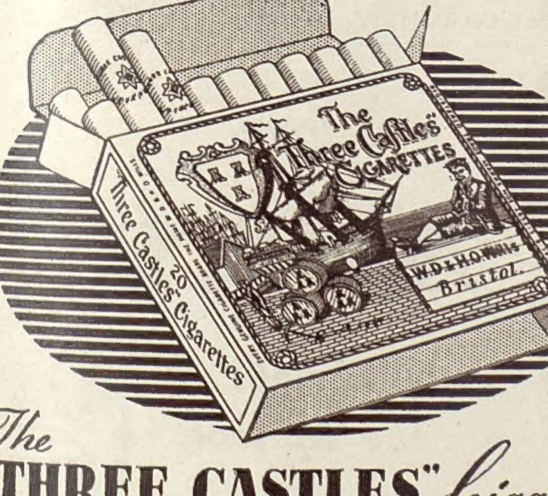

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The Odd Half-Page

A CASE FOR THE GUILLOTINE

By Anthony Thorne

APPROXIMATELY half an hour of hacking and hewing. Strands, fronds, tendrils of paper all over the hearthrug, on your trousers, and—how did that happen, do you suppose ?—in your hair. But now at last, after all this work, and after all the clearing-up which will have to be done, this French book, looking as though it had been edged with white ostrich feathers, is ready to be read.

An Englishman may well wonder what the Gallic recipe is : Do the French cut as they go, slitting their way from emotional crisis to emotional crisis with clever, independent, automatic fingers ? Or do they prefer, as I do, to have a good cutting session at the very beginning : to employ commando tactics and get the whole messy business over and done with, and then, exhausted, to open the first page and start to read ?

But the trouble with this latter technique, this savage all-in-and-nothing-barred approach, is that you invariably leave a couple of pages stuck together in the middle of the book, just where you first started to yawn, and where you momentarily forgot the artful arrangement by which some pages are made to need cutting at the sides, as well as at the top. Just where you lost the rhythm, two pages are bound together in secrecy.

What do you do, then, opening this book in all good faith in an English railway carriage, believing that the job you did yesterday was properly done and that you can (however gropingly, and with whatever longings for a dictionary) begin to read, and what is more, read on ? Suddenly, just as Blanquette de Veau has opened with a *frisson* and trembling fingers the mysterious letter on the pillow (hasn't she a paper-knife either ?), you are left in unendurable frustration, as though the screen had gone blank at a film-show in the village hall. What happens next ? You must know at once ! But alas ! you had forgotten to cut this page—this page of all pages.

And here you are, after all, in a train bound for Paddington. Would the kind lady opposite have a nail-file in her bag, or the man next to you a pocket-comb ? You simply dare not ask them : they are already eyeing you a little suspiciously, having deduced from the "yellow-back" that you must be either an exhibitionist or a foreigner, and possibly both. (Once, when I opened a French book in an English railway carriage—as discreetly as possible, though I admit I was a little oddly dressed, having been deep-sea fishing—I found myself having the beauties of our countryside explained to me by a neighbour in the measured monosyllables reserved for those who have been by some mischance washed up on our shores.) No, if you get stuck in the middle of a French book, fumbling embarrassedly with an uncut page, you must expect no help from your fellow-travellers if they are English. Either pull the communication-cord at once, or use that clumsiest and least efficient of all page-cutters, your latchkey. Or, of course, you can make a tunnel of the pages and peer through them ; but you will get a distorted view of what happens next, and your fellow-travellers will look at you with still graver suspicion than before.

Is it not strange that the French, who after all had a hand in inventing the guillotine, should be so reluctant to put it to good use in the preparation of books for the reader ? What is *La Veuve* up to, nowadays ? Would not a little literary work be welcome ? The touch of a switch, the fall of a blade on those edges, and it would be possible, as it is in England, to open your book and read it without half an hour's fussing and fidgeting beforehand—and without being caught out.

It is appalling to think what the effect would be on the British reading public—shy and diffident enough, heaven knows !—if it were asked not only to read books but to *cut them open first*. There would, indeed, be no further point in trying to earn a living by one's pen. Why, nobody would dream of reading anything at all. And you can hear the comments, can't you : "I positively refuse to read anything hermetically sealed "—" Just imagine buying a car, my dear, and finding that you had to use a tin-opener to get into it ! "

No circulating libraries could possibly circulate unless a full-time page-cutter were at once employed. Publishers would go bankrupt on all sides. The British reading public, needing more than anything a device by which pages could even be turned over for it, its spectacles placed on its nose, its footstool brought and a drink poured out at its elbow, would undoubtedly give up reading at once, as it has probably wanted to do for years.

I suppose we are a fundamentally lazy people, and with a deep-seated dislike of literature. But a well-preserved virginity in English books ? No—that would be too discouraging.

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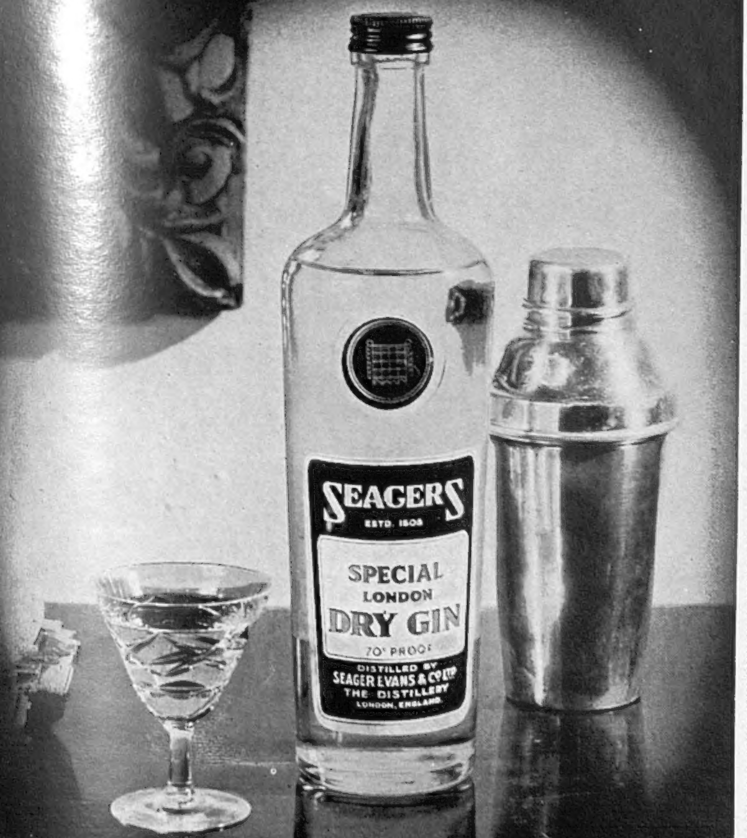

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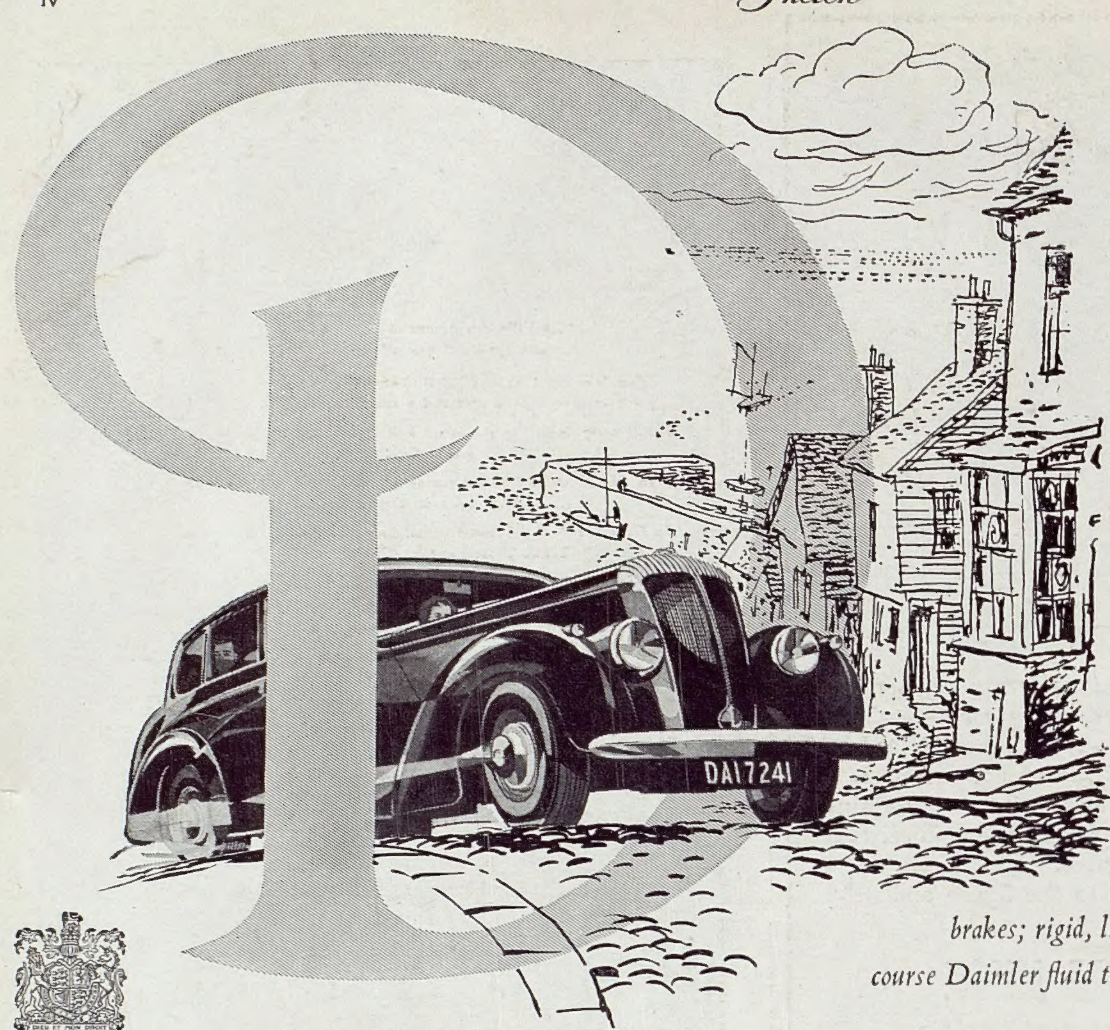

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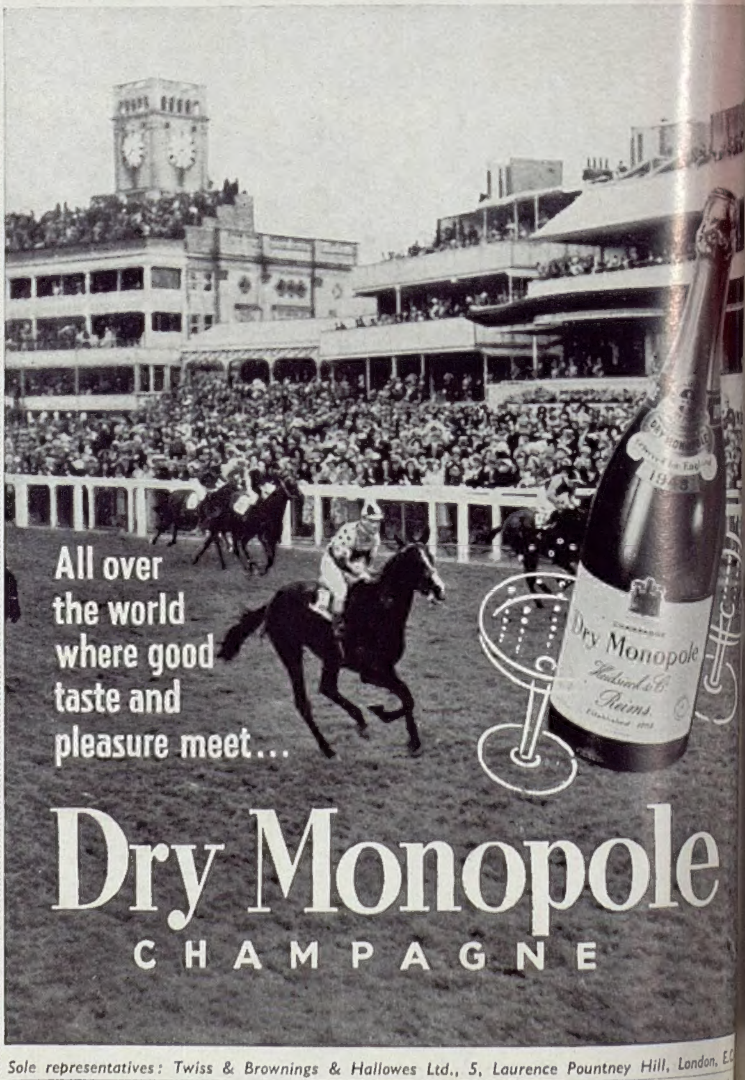

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